

Monumentum Regale:

OR

A T O M B E,

Erected for that incomparable and
Glorious Monarch,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

*King of Great Britane, France
and Irelan^d, &c.*



In select *Elegies, Epitaphs, and Poems.*

Printed in the Year 1649.

CASE
E.S. C 37359

H5723

E P I T A P H.

Behold the Mirror of a Prince Pourtraid !
The living Emblem of glorious shade.
Whose Chair of State was late a Scaffold made.

*One, then whom never any did professe
 More Zeal to th' Publique, and received lesse ;
 Of more desert, and brought to more distresse.*

*That reall lustre to our Royall Garter ;
 That late inlarger of our Cities Charter ; (Martyr !
 Whose Crowne the Crime that made this Monarch-*

*Adieu Dear Prince ; Death like a loving friend
 Hath Crown'd thy sufferings with a peacefull end,
 While headlesse we our ruine must attend.*

*Nor can we lesse expect, Judgment's at hand
 To scourge the follies of a sinfull Land :
 "What Brightman wrote we would not understand.*

*"From th' fatall period of a Charlemaine,
 "Wain should a Kingdom in her Charles-wain :
 "But Prayers nor tears might call him back againe.*

*"Lords should resign their Patents to the Sword,
 "Lurdane should equall any English Lord.
 O brave Platonick Levell ! Martiall Boord !*

(2)
CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis,
tricesimo die Ianuarii, secunda
hora Pomeridiana, Anno Dom.

MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLlo SCeptroqVe
SeCVre.

CHARLES —ah forbear, forbear ! lest
Mortals prize
His name too dearly ; and Idolatrise.
His Name ! Our Loss ! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread-Soveraign ! —hold !
lest Out-Law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestiall Powers ; and distrust
Heav'n can Behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd !
—Tremble ! and

View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kindomes run
To their last stage, and Set with Him their Sun.

CHARLE

CHARLES our Dread-Soveraign's murther'd at
His Gate !

Fell Feinds ! dire Hydra's of a Stiff-neck't-State !
Strange Body-Politick ! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their H E A D.

CHARLES of Great Britain ! He ! who was the
known

King of three Realmes, lie's murther'd in His Own.
Hee ! Hee ! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trumpe shall Eccho all
The Rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're Pattern'd ; and 'twas
strange

Earth's Center reel'd not as this dismall Change.

The Blow struck Britaine blind, each well set Limbe
By Dislocation was lop't off in H I M.
And though She yet live's, She live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

R E L I G I O N put's on Black. Sad L O Y A L T Y
Blushe's and Mourn's to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassines ; nay both
'Gainst G O D, 'gainst L A W, A L L E G I A N C E, and
their O A T H.

Farewell sad Isle ! Farewell ! thy fatall Glory
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.



A N
E L E G I E
The Meekest of Men,
 On *{ The most glorious of Princes,*
The most Constant of Martyrs,
CHARLES the I. &c.

Most cruell Men,

CAn you a winged souls swift flight restrain,
 And lure her to her widowed home again ?
 Or bound the wanderings of the floating blood ?
 And to his purple channell charm his flood ?
 Can you a gasping hearts falm heat repair,
 And into breath coyne the unfashion'd ayre ?
 Can you unweave the Nerves, then twist their thred,
 And to th'unravell'd corps refit the head ?

Who can doe lesse then this, should feare to kill :
 Best pulling down is by a builder still.

But coole debates you can embrace no more
 Then *Cæsars* Lion, who his Teacher tore.

From meaner gore, and Subjects courser flood,
 Your curious Treason thirsts, your Princes blood :
 And flesht in under slaughter, boldly brings
 Rais'd appetite to diet on your Kings.

(5)

No Epicure like thriving Murder's found ;
Her Stream tasts foul, unlesse her Spring be crown'd.
But though who Thrones and Majesty betray,
As largest guilt, so reap the largest prey,
And sage projecting Hell her snares might fear,
But that she bids, high pay, and damnes some dear :
Yet few have levell'd at a Princes fall,
But such whose claim did for succession call :
Whose bordering title tyr'd to be kept down,
Cast trains lesse for his ruine, then his Crown.
But here the desperate Rebell strikes at sway,
Not for who shall succeed, but that none may ;
Deeming the crime lesse daring, of lesse height
To ravish Scepters, then to break them quite :
As if an ampler beam of pow'r were hurl'd
To hatch a Chaos, then create a world.

No shie concealment leads this murder in ;
That were too much the Modesty of sin,
No closet-ambush, unsuspected pill,
No mingled cup, no secret drug must kill,
Successe hath rais'd them up to opner crimes,
Rolfe was an Instrument for doubtfull times.
A mock Tribunal's built, a pageant Court, (sport,
Which but for matchlesse crimes, might passe for
So frail and lawlesse ; Faith hath no defence
To credit, 'tis at all but insolence.
No fond *Romance*, no fam'd *Arcadia* treats,
Of such Eutopian, frantick Judgment Seats :
At whose dire black decrees, we wondering stand,
As some pale Ghoasts dim taper, and cold hand
Did waft us through the shades, untill he brings

(6)
Where Fairie Traytors murder airy Kings :
While flumbring we invoke the mornings light ;
To chase the Legend-vision from our sight.

High in this dream, in this phantastick Bench,
Bold apparition *Bradshaw* doth intrench.
One whom the genuine Bar did seldome see, (Fee.
Whose obscure tongue scarce boasts a seven years
Whose Lungs are all his Law, whose pleading noise
And silence, dearer then discreeter voice.
Whose conscience wears a face for every dresse ;
Religion justifies the Savages.

Faction'd, and byas'd, for who gives most fair,
Camelion through onely not hir'd with Aire.
Whose insolence no presence can relaxe, (Axe.
Whose carriage wounds his *King* worse then the

This needy Oratour, now richer drest,
And higher plac'd, is Image still at best :
Who thought from hell, he his glib dictates hold,
As Satan talk't i'th' Idols-tongues of old ;
Yet the close drift of this bright pompe and shrine,
Is nor the Devill, nor He, but worse design.

The Ephesian work-men great *Diana* made,
Not for *Diana's* sake, but their owne trade.
Our Soveraignes sighs, the Peoples louder groan
Is not black Incence burnt to *Bell* alone ;
But strow their Altars round, and we shall meet
An undistinguist rapines numerous feet.

The Bloody *Rebell's* conscious of their slaine,
Like the first murderer, the guilty *Cain*.
Though just Remorte lookes nobler then offence,
Prefer continuance to penitence.

Weigh

Weigh crimes 'gainst mercies, down the Balance
bear,

Much with their sins, but most with their despaire.
Their own pale fears arm to this desperate thrust,
Their King can pardon, but they cannot trust.

The haughty Tygers dare the Lyons spight,
And force bold inrodes through their Soveraigns
But if retireing from incroaching pride, (right;
They make their proper confines bound their tide :
A faithfull truce is struck, peace shuts in warres,
And fresh assurance springs ev'n from their jarres ;
One equall desert shrouds their pastime still,
And each intrust their slumbers to one hill.

But jealous guilt, nor fence, nor safety hath :

A *Rebell* is a Tiger without faith.
But though stung conscience presse to be secure,
And would be weary when she can't be sure ;
Yet oft she most encounters what she flies,
And all her ruine in her Refuge lies.

For had their Foes conspir'd, and fram'd a pit.
Whose train, whose deepest artifice should hit :
They none so speeding, none so fleet could bring,
As what themselves have shap'd, their slaughter'd

By this, they naked lie to weakest eyes, (King.
And quit their ablest guard, their long disguise ;
Whose strength like mens in ambush, still hath been
Not frō their strength, but cause their strength's un-
Whō shal they combat now in's own defence, (seen.
And whom bring home onely by driving hence ?
Whom shall they disobey to serve his will ?
Whom shall their Canon court, and humbly kill ?
Whose omnipresence space shall reconcile ; Be

Be here, and yet be hence a hundred mile ?
 Whose doubtfull seal shall, while it is betwain,
 And burnt from phenix cinders bud again ?

They, whose thick vowes, exalted hearts and eyes,
 High as the skies, and stable as the skies ;
 Who know their lives are frail, short recompence,
 And cheap oblation weigh'd with Conscience :
 Will now no longer gorge their venomous pils,
 Nor by elusions steer enlightned wils ;
 Nor prize the shame of finding former sin
 At the sad rate of wading farther in.

But haste returns as vigorous as mistake,
 And hate the gasty dreame the more they wake :
 No longer brook a *Tyler* or a *Cade*, (made
 Those Dung-hill *Tyrants* whom themselves have
 Which like dire comets mounted in the aire,
 Rain plagues on earth, whose vapours plac't thē there.

They find this hot impatience 'gainst the throne,
 Is by its embers but to light their owne.
 Like hirn, who rais'd his Gods adored head,
 To make his own plaspheme it in the stead.

Hence their Agreement, chains and shackles throws
 As not what we Agree, but they impose ;
 Gilding the peircing'st flames with specious smoak,
 Glossing in our consent, which is their yoak.

Where their dark arts soft as their glistering shews,
 Did their throng'd chapplets scatter nought but Rose:
 Did they a Freedome give, as ours before,
 Which the *Kings* slaughter were but to restore,
 Yet the Acceptance ought to prove ours still,
 And none obtrude a blisse against our will :

Tis not a liberty we needs must have,
And he is onely free, who may be slave.

Nay, were't our keen request, and eager cry,
It might so fall, 'twere nobler to deny ;
Their bounty, us might to our ruine arme,
And better not bestow, then give to harme :
Who weapons one, who seekes himself to kill,
Bestowes a murder, and a Liberall Ill.

And such is theirs, and worse, for they afford
Not onely meanes to kill, but prompt the Sword.
Mens phrensie bated now, and could endure
To hear of physick, though 'twere farre from cure ;
When cruell they break in, and crying, save,
Intombe the *Nation* in their *Soveraignes* grave.

The Heathen *Brutus* did at murder stay,
Who, though he durst eject, he durst not slay :
His bare depositing too, no shelter brings,
But that it fastned on the worst of *Kings* :
The Publick curse had blasted all his praise,
Had his attempt been up ere *Tarquins* dayes.

Where shall they build their plea, who at once doe
Destroy the best of *Men*, and *Princes* too ?
Whose rooted Thrones fair growth did lesse improve
From clear unenvied claime, then Subjects love,
Whose boundless worth, & rate had given Him sway,
Though His descent and title were away.

And now, since virtue vice doth best descrie,
As straight shews staightnesse and obliquity ;
His prudent sway, her beauty best affords,
Drawn out, and shadowed by *nsurping Lords*.
Whose early first decree so loath'd hath stood,

By framers guilt, and injur'd Strafford's Blood.
 Who suppled Laws, and gag'd them to their wills,
 Not to support their Rights, but strengthen Ills.
 No resolves steady, no vote tumult strong,
 But ratified, or cancell'd by th' next throng :
 Such floating levities their coin disgrac't,
 Till cheap irreverence the mint defac't.
 Whence poorly conscious of their ticklish sway,
 They sweat to husband and improve their day ;
 Working to steer their low designes about,
 Ere the next Faction shall their title out :
 They lease their interest, each suffrage rent,
 As the two Houses were their Tenement :
 Who chaffers best, buyes mercenary throats,
 Reaps plentious harvest in the next dayes votes :
 They shear the People, bear their fleece away,
 Not as their Orphan-wards, but happier prey ;
 Place and preferments passe their market-curse,
 Not to the worthiest men, but strongest purse
 Succeed by families, relations scale,
 Make Patriots not our choice, but their Intail
 Desert, or hold their stations with the Tide :
 Ruine, or ruined, as Factions side.
 Nere acting right, now suffering this alone,
 Their Usurpation fell with CHARLES His Throne.

Who Antidote to all the ills of these,
 And all their poisons strict Antipodes,
 Who when his crowns soar'd highest, did ev'n then
 Remember still he was a King of men,
 Made their advantage to compasse to his own,
 And rankt their freedome equall with his throne.

Ne'r checkt their *Liberty* till 't license stood,
 Nor askt their goods, but for their greater good.
 Who i'th' loud prejudice *five Members* fin,
 (Which hung Reforming out, but Ruine in)
 Arm'd with the Guards of unoffended State,
 Like one that would not crush it, but debate :
 Like *Titus* tamely wish'd confederates leave,
 Aske (bate his Empire) and they should receive,
 Which fertile showers of grace so thick exprest,
 They fell too weighty on their narrowed breast :
 And as the clamorous channels shallow wombe
 Would force the bounteous Sea her stremes resume,
 And from his bankes doth foul contractions take,
 And for a Crystal-flood repayes a Lake :
 So their unsound receipt his bounty flew,
 Return'd in Poyson, what He shed in Dew.

Nor did a happier arm His gifts dispence,
 Which private threw but vast munificence : (down,
 When hands Himself had rais'd would reach Him
 And nerves His Almes had strengthned, shake His
 The Vultur's Rapine doth at Bounty stand ; (Crown.
 Who though she gorge the prey, she spares the hand.
 The Gyant Elephant obeys for bread ;
 And can forgoe his rage where he is fed.

Where shall unthankfull men for place intrude ?

Nor *Aire* nor *Desert* shrowds *Ingratitude*.
 Yet as the equall Sun ore all doth tend,
 Though some use light onely to see t' offend :
 And both the barren Bramble and the Flow'r
 Partake the juice o'th' undistinguisht shocr :
 Because the teeming Clouds descending flood

Designes

Designes the *many* onely, not the *good* :
 So His impartiall bountie Blessings threw,
 Nor did the *Recompence*, but *Gift* persue.

His *Temperance* might an *Anchorite*, rigour tell,
 And make the *Pallace Standard* to the *Cell*.

Not that its *Laws* from the *thin board* proceed,
 Where to abstaine is *Avarice* or *Need* ;

Or that the *coursnesse* of the *Cates* might please,
 Like the great *Consull* caught a parching pease,
 But from the strict chastising *Plenties* wings,
 And the severest use of highest things.

His *Table* grasp't the *seas*, the *earth*, the *aire*.

Yet ne're His *surfet* was, nor others *snare*.

His *Bowels* massacred none, nor did inrage,
 Till *Subjects* blood the *Princes* wine asswage.

No *Orphans* swam about his riotous cup;
 Like his who *kill'd*, but first *dranke Clytus* up.

Unbatter'd *Chastity* his reines and law,
 Firme 'gainst the lustre of all threatening thaw,
 Which though it want the checks of mean restraint,
 Where *charge* chills *sin*, and makes the goatish faint ;
 Where *Continence* is dread lest Vice succeed,
 And trembles at the *issue*, not the *deed* :

Nay thought seeme forty'd with *plea*, and they
 Who *sin* with Him, might seeme but to *obey*,
 At least the guilt might large allayes indure,
 Since few deny where *Scepters* doe allure :
 Or stand the vigour of a stome or rape,
 Where *He* was *King*, as by descent, so shape :
 For *He* their title had to back his *owne*,
 Who to the goodly feature give the throne.

Yet

Yet all was fraile to *Him*, and soon supprest,
 Who set His Scepter first ore *His own breast* :
 And that His Crowns be in full square combin'd,
 He made *His fourth Dominion* be *His mind*.

Not like that *Romans chaste*, but *tmerous care*,
 Where to be *chaste*, was *not to see the faire* :
 Who found His breast not proof against the flames,
 But to escape, did bid remove the Dames.
 But as firme-fighted *Eagles* range the skies,
 And eye the Sun when strongest lustre flies ;
 So His keene manag'd view severely sees,
 Not *frailty to corrupt*, but *Judge the piece*.
 And could ith' dazeling round securely stay,
 To *blesse the Potter, not abuse the Clay*.

Wise *Justice*, such as mercy might dispence,
 To spare the *Men*, but punish the *offence*.
 Not to indanger *Law*, but temper *doome*,
 To kill *despaire*, and yet make none *presume*.

And here to match the births of strictest wills,
 Where *naked virtues* are but *glistening ills*,
 He layes His ballance at the *Temple gates*,
 The *Sanctuary-Shekles* are His weights.
 He quarters all *His day* with constant prayers,
 No businesse shall dispence, no pleasure dares.
 Limnes Copies to *His Court* : doth rein and hold
 By *Constancy* the *carelesse*, *Zeal* the *cold*.
 His *intent thoughts* do their *perplexed decry*,
 His *bent knees, stiffe, His fixt, the wandring eye*.
Humble, the arrogant; His vigorous, dead;
His awe, irreverence; affiance, dread:
 Makes all *His practice* dictate this alone,

They

They had two Kings t'obey, Himselfe had one.

But Calme and Sun-shine, undistracted ease,
Yeeld but the Trophies of well-order'd peace ;
But He was furnisht through, and had a stock,
As for Fates fawn and courtship, so their shock.

And though some cases make the task as great
To manage temper, as to master heat,
Though a sound prudence may deserve as well,
To wave assaults, as courage to repell ;
Yet, here the generous lustre justly springs,
Lesse from the Scepter, then the Sufferings.
For as the rage of these tempestuous times
Was His Misfortune onely, not His Crimes,
('Lesse Socrates the Lightnings blame must bear,
Because it Lightned when He took the Aire :
Or 'lesse the drought lies still at th' Christians gate,
'Cause Drought and Christians were contemporate)
So His harsh draught had some ingredients mixt,
Which ne'r on Prince or Man till now were fixt.
No Agonie so temper'd, no such Cup,
Unlesse when God help'd Man to drink it up.
Where though the sufferings, rivall none endure,
'Cause one so found receiv'd so sharp a cure ;
Yet we may safely give Perswasion this,

Those Jewes then these lesse knew they did amisse.
His first affliction from rude Tumults came,
From them the Fuell, but elsewhere the flame.
Their trunk and boughs build the instructed pile,
But worse men light and fan the flames the while.

That waves and winds should mix united stocks
To bruise, and threaten Ships with shelves and rocks,
Provokes

Provokes our wonder lesse then moves our grief,
Because they want the sense of our relief.
Nay, were their rage, design, and ship-wracks, spleen,
Yet there might clear pretence, and plea be seen,
Since our incroachments they but pay with spight,
And do but check usurpers of their right :
For words we to commerce and traffick melt,
By them is *inrode* and *invasion* felt.
But should this sea, these winds conduct their threats
To th'awful palace, where great Neptune sets,
Should their swell'd surge make his bent Trident
grone,
And dash their foaming billows 'gainst his Throne :
Then might they pattern us, then we might see,
That winds and waves at least are wild as we.
Nor was our phrensie, fit, our uproars, blasts,
Or cloud that outs not light, but overcasts ;
But, like that fatal inauspicious day,
When all the lesse and larger birds of prey
Conspir'd to force the *Eagle* from her throne,
Because her eyes were clearer then their own : (Scant
When the vast aire seem'd to th' throng'd muster
And with oppressing load the Element pant.
The injur'd *Eagle* girt in this distresse,
When reason nothing could, and force could lesse,
She arms her active plumes with swiftest spring,
Darts through their ranks, and saves her self by wing.
But *Eagles* they are well when freed from rape,
And need no separation but th' escape ;
Re-view the sun with undishonour'd eye,
And build again their towering nests as high.

But Princes *scape not*, though they are not *slain* :
They may the *wound*, but cannot flie the *stain*.

Yet hath our mischief father arts, and can
Distresse him both at once, as *King* and *Man*.
Our sharp alarms forbid his shortest stay,
He may advise for *gone*, but not *which way*.

We set His maz'd resolves at gaze, and start,
Else 'twere not to *drive hence*, but *bid Depart*.
Else had our fury lessen'd of its spight,
W'had forc'd Him to a *progresse*, not a *flight*.
But like a pilot huddled up i'th' dark,
Himself surpriz'd, and His unfurnisht bark,
Whom unexpected tempests do constrain,
And from His harbour drive into the main :
No tackle tight, no anchor weather-proof,
But waves invade below, and winds aloof;
Distract and tost, not bound for any road,
Nor can return, nor can hold out abroad.
Such was His mixt distresse; how, what, or where,
Uncertain all, but *dangers certain were*.

By this self-pregnant sin improves to th' full,
Affront at London, Treason grows at Hull:
A bold *repulse* succeeds perplext *abode*,
Despis'd at home, thrives to *refus'd* abroad :
Place tutors Place, on Cities Cities call,
He may not here be *safe*, nor there *at all*.
When loe the spreading mischief not content
To force up breaches in *one* element,
Invades *His Navy*, doth insulting stand
Q're the joyn't Trophees both of *sea and Land*.

To gild this rapine for the vulgar eyes,
 They chase him through all His capacities ;
 Shift lights and distances, untill they see
 Another self in him, which is not He.
 Vex stills, and crucibles, the furnace ply,
 To sift and drain a Chymick Majesty.
 At last their careful sweats auspicious how'r,
 Drops Him apart, distinguish't from His power.

But the afflicted quill, whose penance lies
 Through all His thorns, must stories martyr rise ;
 What hardy plume dares register His cares ?
 When forraign close, to sow'r His home affaers ;
 When Ireland charitable fame untels.
Adopts the worst of ven'mous beasts ; Rebels.
 When Edinburg out-villain'd Carthage hath,
 And Scotch more slippery proves then Punick Faith ;
 When they can trade their King, and beat a price
 For's bloud, to ingrain their crimson Avarice.
 Whilst we un-king his Fame, dethrone'srepute ;
 Word our artillery, and libels shoot.
 Shift His restraints, and bound him with new hedge ;
 Not for enlargement, but fresh pawne and pledge
 To now prevall'ing Gaol ; snare him with Shapes
 Of neerer ills, to prompt him to escapes.
 So the close practis'd foulers treacherous gio ;
 Already seiz'd of prey, the lost bird in :
 Yet hath attendant dogs, whose disciplin'd throat,
 And busie roavings aid their threatening note ;
 Till th'feather'd pris'ner scar'd with mixt mishap,
 Unskill'd i'th'guil of the industrious trap,

Struggles and flings with unsuccessefull coyl,
Till motion weaves inevitable toyl.

When varied bondages some beames afford,
To checker plots, *dissimbling* some accord;
Which though smooth phras'd rough sense doth
still controul

T'un crown his head, or else un-king his soul.

When al of *Meniall trust*, whose cares expence
Hearty with long experienc'd confidence,
Pai'd diligent homage to his jestest will,
Must see their desolate ranks, and courses fill
By rough unpractis'd home-spun Colonies
Of *Russet Courtiers*, and *instructed spies*,
Whose trecherous attendance, and slie drift,
Makes all their service but *Officious shrift*.
When the pure Altars sacred ions must flee
His reverend approach, when single He
Must both *His Priest*, and *Congregation* stand,
Or some rash *Korahs* foul unhallowed hand
Corrupt his virgin gums and raise a smoak,
Not to appease His deity, but *choak*.

When the revolted *Cassocks* plum their darts,
With crooked *Sophistry's* perverted arts:
To reason down His faith with studied pow'r,
And drown His soul in that confederate show'r.

To heighten these when some whose nobler name
In his *declining* Banner arms their fame;
Whom yet *ignoble envy* bent awry,
Or *Faint Devotion*, cool'd to indifference,
Conspir'd the Churches battery; His weights,

Took

Took ballance from her cause, not from their hates :
 He poiſ'd thin calumny, by ponderous good ;
 Her ſole, and yet unconquer'd champion stood.

When warmer onsets like the searching ploughs,
 More fertile wounds on natures yielding brows :
 Were not the scar, but tillage of his heart,
 Cares thriving husbandry, and fruitfull ſmart,
 Where what was ſown a Croſſe, ſprung upon a ſheat,
 And Virtue, Harvest, through the Furrow grief.
His glorious own Record gave this preſage,
 Which next to hallowed writ, and ſacred page,
 Shall buſie pious wonder, and abide
 To Christian Pilgrimage the ſecond guide ;
 Which reconciles (till now) the eternall hate ;
'Twixt ſimple Piety, and fraudulent States.
 Show how all *Michiavel* in *Solomon* lies,
 And cunning makes men *wilely*, but not *wife*.
 Bottomes a ſtable Throne, whose ſecure chance
 Shall ſteady fit, or in her fall advance.

When gaſtly Deaths astonishing Arrest
 In all her terrors, and grim wardrobe dreft,
 From a green Treaty nipt ere fully blown,
 And soft amuſements of a reſtored thronē,
 He meets with chearfull combate, and arm'd breath
A vigorous Reſignation, not a Death.

When his unlimited forgiuenesse flies
 High as his Blood's shrill voice, and towring cryes,
 Not spun in scanty half-denying Prayers,
But Legacy obliging to his heirs.

C A R O L I.

Τῷ Μακάριτῷ Παλιῆσεοία.

I come, but come with trembling, lest I prove
 Th' unquall Greet of Semele and Jove.
 As she was too obscure, and He too bright,
 My Theam's too heavy, and my Pen too light.
 And whilst, like Midas, I presume to sit
 In wise Apollo's Chair, without His wit,
 Is it not just t' expect, that He, who dares
 Higher then Midas, should wear longer Ears?
 May I not fear Patroclus Fate, and feel
 The dangerous honour of Achilles steel?
 Just like that busie elf, whose vent'rous Pride
 Found none but Titan Titan's Coach could guide;
 Why, He'll not stand in Verse. Can I enclose
 Him, whom the greatest libertie of Prose
 Wants room to hold? And whose unwieldy Name
 Is big enough to fill the Trump offame?
 An individuall species? like the Sun,
 At once a Multitude, and yet but One?
 One of such vast Importance, that He fell
 The Festivall of Heav'n, and England's Hell?
 One, who for eminence was these two things,
 * The last of Christians, and the first of Kings?

* De cetero vetus dictum, Ultimus Romanorum, Primus Hominum.
 One

One so diffusive, that he liv'd to all,
 And one that dy'd the whole world's Funeral:
 For Charles being thus dismounted, and the Swain
High-shoo'd Bootes leapt into the *Wain*,
 Is not old *Beldame* Nature truly said
 T'advance her *Heeles*, and stand upon her *Head*?
 Does not the *Judge*, and *Law* too for a need,
 The *Stirrop* hold, whilst *Treason* mounts the *Steed*?
 Is not *Gods Word*, and's *Providence* besides
 Us'd as a *Laquy*, whilst th' white *Devil* rides !
 Sure *all things* thus into *Confusion* hurld
 Make, though an *universe*, yet not a *World*.
 And so our *Sovereign's*, like our *Saviours Passion*,
 Becomes a kind of *Doomsday* to the *Nation*.

If dead men did not walk, 'twould be admir'd
 (The *Breath* of all our *Nostrils* thus *expir'd*)
 What 'tis that gives us *motion*. And can I,
 Who want my self, write *Him* an *Elegie* ?

Though *Virgil* turnd *Evangelist*, and wrote,
 Not from his *Tripod*, but *Gods Altar* taught;
 Though all the Poets of the Age should sit
 In *Inquest* of *Invention*, and *club wit*,
 To make words *Epigrams*; should they combine
 To crowd whole stock of Fancie in each line;
 Sell the *Fee-simple* to advance one *summe*,
 (As *Eglis* spake but once, and then liv'd dumb)
 'Twere all as *inarticulate*, and *weak*,
 As when those men make *signes*, that cannot speak
 But where the *Theme confounds us*, * 'tis a sort

* Μεγάλως ἀπολισταρεῖν, αἱμαρπημὸν δυγχνεῖς. Longin.

Of glorious Merit, proundly to fall short.
 Despair sometimes gives courage; any one
 May lisp him out, who can be spoke by none;
 None but a King; No King, unlesse He be
 As Wise, as Just, as Good, as Great as He.

When Late Posterity shall run t'advise
 With Times impartiall Register, how wise
 This Great-one was, they' find it there inroll'd
 That He was ne'r in's Nonage, but born old.
 View him whilst Prince of Wales, and it appears
 His wisedome did so antedate his years.
 That He was Ful i'th' Bud, and's Soul divine,
 Nestor, might be Great Grandfather to thine.
 View him agen, where he so ripe was grown,
 As not to rise, but drop into a Throne.
 How did those rayes of Majesty, which were
 Scatter'd in other Kings, concenter here?
 As if h'ad got King Sapor's sphere, and prov'd
 How each Intelligence his Orbe had mov'd:
 Wise Charles like them, fate steering at two Helmes,
 King of himself, but Father of his Realms:
 And just as if old Trismegistus Cup
 Had by his thirsty Soul been all drunk up.
 His understanding did begirt this All,
 As t'were Ecliptick or Meridionall.
 Suppose a Dyet of all Christian Kings
 And Bishops too, conven'd to weigh the things
 Of Church and State: Nay adde Inferior men,
 Those of the Sword, the penſil, and the pen.

From th' Scepter to the Sheep-hook, Charles in all
 Must have been Umpire Oecumenicall.
 He liv'd a Perpendicular ; The Thread
 His wisedome was ; Humility the Lead,
 By which he measur'd Men and things ; took aim
 At actions crooked, and at actions plait.
 He and all from him into Cubes did fall,
 And yet as perfect as the Circle, all.

'Twas he took Natures Breath, and Depth, and Hight,
 Knew the just difference 'twixt Wrong and Right.
 He saw the points of things, could justly hit,
 What must be done, what may, what's just what fit.
 As if, like Moses he had had resort
 Vnto Gods Councell, ere he was of's Court.
 Hence his Religion was his choyce, not Fate,
 Rul'd by Gods word, not Interest of State.
 Others may thank their stars, He his inquest,
 Who sounding all sides, anchor'd in the best.
 His Crown contain'd a Miter ; He did twist
 Moses and Aaron, King and Casuist.
 When the Mahumetan or Pope shall look
 Oh his Soul's best Interpreter, his Book ;
 His Book, his Life, his Death will henceforth be
 The Church of England's best Apology.

Thus Dove and Serpent kiss'd, as if they meant
 To render him as wise, so innocent.
 His own good Genius knew not, whether were
 His Heart more single, or his Head more clear.
 Virtue was his Prerogative; and thus
 Charles rul'd the King, before the King rul'd vs.

He knew that to command, his onely way
Was first to teach his Passions to obey.

And his incessant waiting on God's Throne
Gave him such meek reflections on his own,
That, being forct to censure, he exprest
A Judges office with a Mothers breast.

And when some sturdy violence began
T' unsheathe his sword, unwilling to be drawn
He but destroy'd (and so soft mercy can)
The malefactor, to preserve the Man.

Even hells blind Journy-men, those Sons of Night
Who look on scarlet murder, and think't white,
Unwillingly confess'd, the only thing
Which made him guilty, was, *That he was King.*
He was Incarnate Justice, and 'tis said
Astrea liv'd in him, yet dy'd a Maid.

We want an Emblem for him : Phœbus must
Stand still in Libra, to speak Charles the Just.
And yet though he were such, that nothing lesse
Then Virtue's mean stretcht to a just Excessse
Flew from his Soul ; He, like the sun, was known
To see all excellency, except his own.

His Modesty was such, that All which he
'Ere spoke or thought of's self, was Calumny ;
But yet so mixt with state, that one might see
It made him not lesse Kingly, but more free.
He was not like those Princes, who t'expresse
A learned surfeit, a sublime excessse,
Send to dispeople all the Sea of Fish,
Depopulate the Aire to make one dish,

(Such

(Such skilfull luxuries, as only serve
 To make their minds more plentifully sterve)
 Whatever Dainties fil'd his Board by chance,
 His only constant dish was (a) Temperance,
 His vertue did so limit him, his Court
 Implied his Cloyster; and his very sport
 Was Self deniall. Nay, though he were seen
 So rob'd in purple, and so match't t'a Queen,
 As made him glittier like a Noon-day Sun,
 Yet still his Soul wore sackcloth, and liv'd Nun.
 (b) Simeon the Stylite in his Pillar pent
 Might live more strict, but not more innocent.
 So wise, so just, so good, so great and all,
 What is't could set him higher, but his fal?
 When he caught up by a Celestiall Train
 Began his second and more solid Reign.
 How to that Heaven did this Pilot steer
 Twixt th'Independent, and the Presbyter;
 Plac'd in the confines of two Shipwracks? thus
 the Greeks are feare'd twixt the Turks and Us.
 Whom did Byzantium free, Rome would condemn;
 And freed from Rome, they are enslav'd by them.
 So plac'd betwixt a Precipice and Wolf,
 There the Ægean, here the Venice gulf,
 What with the rising and the setting Sun,
 By these th'are hated, and by those undone.

(a) Evagr. I. i. c. 21. de Monachis quibusdam, ἐχθροὶ τῷ ιδίῳ ζελησσον, οὐ τὸ φύσεως ἔκδοτοι, μαρτυσιανὸν νησίαν ἐχεστι, καὶ βάπτισαν πλακοῦ, τὸ μηδὲν (οἶος τε) αἴτογενεῖσθαι. (b) Evagr. I. i. c. 13. ὁ εὐστριπτός αἱγγελός οἱ Σιμεὼν, οἱ σαρκὶ τὸ παιδεστάτην Πολίτης.

Thus

Thus *virtues* hemm'd with *vices*, and though either
Sollicites her consent, she yields to neither.

Nay thus our *Saviour*, to inhance his grief,
Was hung betwixt a *Murderer* and a *Thief*.

Now *Charles* as *King*, and as a good *King* too,
Being *Christ's* adopted self, was both to do
And suffer like him; both to live and die
So much more humble, as he was more high
Then his own *Subjects*. He was thus to tread
In the same footsteps, and submit his Head
To the same thorns, when spit upon, and beat,
To make his *Consciences* serve for his retreat,
And overcome by suffering: To take up
His *Saviour's* *Crosse*, and pledge him in his *Cup*

Since then our *Sovereign*, by just account,
Liv'd o're our *Saviours* *Sermon* in the Mount,
And did all *Christian* *Precepts* so reduce,
That's *Life* the *Doctrine* was, his *Death* the *Vse*;
Posterity will say, he should have dy'd
No other *Death*, then by being crucifi'd.
And their renownedst *Epoche* will be
Great Charles his Death, next *Christ's Nativity*.
Thus *Treason's* grown most *Orthodox*; who since
They said they'd [make him the most glorious Prince
In all the *Christian* world] 'tis plain, this way
They only promis'd what they meant to pay.
For now (besides that beatifick *Vision*
Where all desire is lost into fruition)
The stones, they hurled at him with intent
To crush his fame, have prov'd his monument.

Their

Their *Libels* his best *Obelsike*; To have
 A fit *Mausole*, were to want a *Grave*;
 His *Scaffold*, like mount *Tabor* will in story
 Become the proudest *Theater of Glory*,
 Next to the *blessed Crosse*: and thus 'tis sense,
 T'affirm him *murder'd* in his own *Defence*.
 For though all *Hells Artillery* and *skill*
 Combin'd together to *besiege* his *Will*;
 And when their *malice* could not bring't about
 To hurt *God's Image*, they raz'd *Adam's* out,
 (Like men repuls'd, whose *Choler* think's it witty
 To burn the *suburbs* when they can't the *City*)
 How'ere they *storm'd* his *walls*, and *drain'd* his *blood*;
 Which *moted* round his *soul*; yet still he stood
Defender of the Faith, (and that which He
 Found sweeter then revenge) his *charity*.

This then the utmost was their rage cou'l'd do,
 [It shew'd him *King* of his *afflictions* too.]
Untempted Virtue is but *coldly good*,
 (As she's scarce *chaste* that's so but in *cold blood*)
 To scorn *base Quarter* is the best *escape*,
 (As *Lucrece* dy'd the *chaster* for her *rape*)
 These two did *Charles* his *Virtue* most befriend,
 His glorious *hardships* first, and then his end.
Death we forgive thee, and thy *Bourreaux* too,
 Since what did seem *thy rape*, proves but *his due*.
 For how could he be said to fall *too soon*,
 Whose *green* was *mellow*, and whose *dawn* was *noon*?
 Since *Charles* was onely by thy *curteous knife*
Redeemd from this great *injury of life*

To one so lasting, that 'tis truly said
 Not *He*, but his *mortality* is dead —
 To weep his Death's the *treason* of our *eyes* ;
 Our *Sun* did only *set*, that he might *rise*.

But we do *mock*, not *cheat* our *grief*, and sit
 Onely at best t' *upbraid* our selves in *wit*,
 And want him *learnedly* : such *colours* do
Disguise disasters, not *delude* them too.
 For though, I must confess, a Poet can
Fancy things *better* then another man,
 He can *but* fancy 'um; and all his pains
 Is *but* to fill his *belly* with his *brains*.
 He may both *Petrify'd* and *tamisht* sit,
 That *wears* his *thoughts*, and onely *dine's* on *wit*.
 Were I a *Polypus*, and could go on
 To be those very things I *think* upon,
 I would not then complain : but since I know
 To *call* things *thus*, is not to *make* them so,
Great Charles is *slain*: and say we what we will,
 Yet we shall find, *judgements* are *judgements* still.

For though 'tis true, that his now *immense* Son!
 Doth hold *commensuration* with each *Pole* ;
 Though he doth shine a *Star* more *fixt* and *bright* :
 Then where the *year* makes but *one day and night* :
 And, least he fill the *Zodiack*, doth appear
 Not in the *eighth* but *Empyrean Sphere* ;
 Yet we his *Rise* may our *descent* call,
 As *Libra's* *mounting* is poor *Aries fall*.
 He was the only *Moses* that could stand

Betwixt the *sinnes* and *judgements* of the Land.
 And what can we expect, our *Lot* being gone,
 But that a *Hell* from *Heav'n* should tumble down
 On our more sinfull *Sodom*? (unlesse we
 Are damn'd yet worse; to an *impunity*.)
Kings are *Gods* once remov'd. it hence appears
 No *Court* but *Heav'ns* can try them by their *Peers*.
 So that for *Charles* the good to have been tride
 And cast by mortal Votes, was *Deicide*.
 No *Sinne*, except the first, hath ever past
 So black as this; no *Judgement*, but the last.
 How does our *Delos*, which so lately stood
 Unmov'd, lie floating in her *Pilots* blood?
 And can we hope to *Anchor*, who discern
 Nought but the *Tempest* ruling at the stern;
 Whilst *Pluto's* Rival, with his *Saints* by's side,
 Drawn by the Spirit of *avarice* and *pride*,
 Being fairly placed in the *Chair* of *scorn*
 Sits brewing *Tears* for Infants yet unborn?
 Vast stocks of *miserie*, which his *Guardian-rage*
 Does husband for them till they come to age?

When future times shall look what *Plagues* befell
Egypt and us, by way of *Parallel*,
 They'l find at once presented to their view
 The *Frogs* and *Lice*, and *Independents* too.
 Onely this *signal difference* will be known
 'Twixt those *Egyptian* judgments and our own;
 Those were *Gods Armies*, but th'effect doth tell
 That these our *Vermin* are the *Host of Hell*.
Pausanias and *Herostratus* will look

Like Pygmy-Sinners writ in Times black-book,
 The Spanish Fleet, and Powder-plot will lack
 Their usuall mentions in our Almanack.
 --- Nay, which is more, (c) Alaricus his name
 Will scarce be legible 'th' leaves of fame,
 When Cromwel shall be read. Nature was ne're
 So blessedly reform'd, since Lucifer.

O for a Jeremy to lament our woe!
 From whom such tragick Rhetorick might flow,
 As would become our misery, and dresse
 Our sorrows with a dreaafull gaudiness!
 For next thole hovering judgments, which the fall
 Of one so great, so good, makes Verticall.
 (And rushing down, may onely be withstood.
 If Charles his prayers crie louder then his blood)
 I say next that, It is our second Crosse
 We can't grieve worthy of so great a Loffe.
 To weep upon this subject, and weep sense,
 Requires we should be born ten Ages hence.
 The greater are the hights and Artist's hand
 Designs to take, the farther he must stand.
 As when Sol's in's Zenith, He imply's
 His dazzling g'ory best, that shuts his eyes,
 So, where the Theme's ineffable, the way
 To speake it is, (d) Not to know what to say.

(c) Socrat. l.7.c.10. hoc Alarichi resonsum recitat. ἐκέγειον οὐδελοντίς ταῦ
 ἑταῖροι οὐδεὶς δὲ πάλι τὸ καθ' ἔκαστην ὄχλει μοι βασιλίων, καὶ λόγοι
 [ἀπει, τῷ γεωμετρῶν Πορῶν τὸλμον]. (d) Herodot. I. 3. Psammetichus ad Cambysem, εἰς Amicorum vicem lacrymis lugeret, suam verdī si-
 lentio, τὰ μὲν ὄπηα καρδὶ ἦν πίζω, ὃςτε αὐτοκλαψτρον.



A D E E P G R O A N,

F E T C H D

At the *Funerall* of that incomparable
and glorious Monarch,
CHARLES THE FIRST,
King of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland, &c.

To speak our griefs at full over thy Tomb
(Great Soul) we should be Thunder-struck and
The triviall offrings of our bubbling eyes (dunit;
Are but fair Libells at such Obsequies.
When Grief bleeds inward, not to sense, 'tis deep;
We have lost so much, that 'twere a sin to weep:
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his summes;
When his inevitable ruine comes:
Our losse is finite when we can compute,
But that strike speechlesse, which is past recruit.
We are sunk to sense; and on the ruine gaze,
As on a curled Commets fiery blaze:
And earth-quakes fright us, when thee teeming earth
Rends ope her bowells for a fatall birth;
As Inundations seize our trembling eyes;

C

Whose

Whose rowling billowes over Kingdomes rise.
 Alas ! our Ruines are cast up, and sped
 In that black Totall----*Charles* is murthered.
 Rebellious Gyant-hands have broke that Pole,
 On which our Orb did long in glory roule.
 That *Roman Monsters* wish in act we see,
 Three Kingdomes necks have felt the Axe in Thee,
 The Butchery is such, as when by *Caine*,
 The fourth Division of the world was slaine :
 The mangled Church is on the Shambles lay'd,
 Her Massacre is on thy Block display'd,
 Thine is thy peoples epidemick Tombe,
 Thy Sacrifice a num'rous *Hecatombe*.
 The Powder-mine's now fir'd; we were not freed,
 But respited by Traytors thus to bleed.
Novembers plots are brew'd and broach'd in worse,
 And *January* now compleats the Curse.
 Our Lives, Estates, Laws, and Religion, all
 Lie crush'd, and gashing in this dismall fall.
 Accursed day that blotted out our light !
 May'st thou be ever muffled up in night.
 At thy return may fables hang the skie ;
 And tears, not beam's, distill from Heavens Eyc.
 Curs'd be that smile that guilds a face on thee,
 The Mother of prodigious Villanie.
 Let not a breath be wofted, but in moans,
 And all our words be but articulate groans.
 May all thy *Rubrick* be this dismall brand; (Land.
 Now comes the miscreant Dooms-day of the
 Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd; and such
 As horror brings alike, though not so much,

May Dread still fill thy minutes, and we sit
Frighted to think, what others durst commit.

A Fact that copies Angells when they fell,
And justly might create another Hell.

Above the scale of Crimes; Treason sublim'd,
That cannot by a parallel be rim'd.

Raviliac's was but ruder-graduate sin,
And Goury here a Pulpit Assassin.

Infidell wickednesse without the Pale,

Yet such as justifies the Canniball

Ryot Apochryphall of Legend bredd,

Above the Canon of a Jesuices Creed.

Spirits of witch-craft; quintessentiall guile,

Hells Pyramid, another Babel built.

Monstrous in bulk; above our Fancies span;

A Behemoth; a Crime Leviathan.

So desperately damnable, that here

Ev'n Wild smells Treason, and will not appear,

That Murdering-pece of the new Tyrant-State,

By whom't hath shot black Destinies of late;

He that belch'd forth the Loyall Barleigh's doome,

Recoiles at this so dreadfull Martyrdome.

What depth of terror lies in that Offence,

That thus can grind a feared Conscience?

Hellish Complotment! which a League renewes,
Lesse with the men, then th' actions of the Jews.

Such was their Bedlam Rabble, and the Cry

Of Justice now, 'mongst them was, Crucifie:

Pilates Consent is Bradshawes Sentence here;

The Judgement-halls remov'd to Westminster,

Hail to the Reeden Scepter, the Head, and knee

Act o're again that cursed Pageantry.

The Caitiff crew in solemn pomp guard on
Mock'd Majesty as not to th' Block, but Throne,
The Belch agrees of those envenom'd lies,
There'a Blasphemer, here a Murd'rer dies ;
If that go first in horrour, this comes next,
A pregnant Comment on that gasty Text:
The Heav'ns ne're saw, but in that tragick houre,
Slaughter'd so great an *Innocence, and Power.*

Bloud'g'hirsty Tygers! could no stream suffice
T'allay that hell within your breasts but this ?
Must you needs swill in Cleopatra's cup,
And drink the price of Kingdoms in a sup ?
Cisterns of Loyalty have deeply bled,
And now y' have damn'd the Royall Fountain Head
Cruell Phlebotomy ! at once to drain
The Median, and the rich Basilick vein :
The tinctures great that popular murther brings,
'Tis scarlet deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.

But what could Israel find no other way,
To their wish'd Canaan then through the red Sea ?
Must God have heire his deading Fire and Cloud,
And he be th' guide to this outragious croud ?
Shall the black Conclave counterfeit his hand,
And superscribe their guilt, divine Commande ?
Doth th' ugly Fiend usurp a Saint-like grace ?
And holy-water wash the Devils face ?
Shall Dagon's Temple the mock'd Ark inclose ?
Can Esau's hands agree with Jacob's voice ?
Must Moleck's fire now on the Altar burn,
And Abels bloud to expiation turn ?

Is righteousnesse so lewd a bawd? and care,
The Bibles cover serve the *Alcoran*?
Thus when Hel's meant, Religion's bid to shine
As *Faux* his Lantern lights him to his *Mine*.
Here, here is sins *non ultra*, when one lie
Kills this, and stabs at *Majesty*.
And though his sleepy arm suspend the scourge,
Nor doth loud bloud in winged vengeance urge,
Though the soft houres a while in pleasures flie,
And conquering treason sing her Lullabie,
The guilt at length in fury he'l inroul
With barbed Arrows on the trayt'rous soul.
Time may be when that *John-a-Leydon* King
His Quarters to this Tombe an offring bring,
And that *Be-munster'd* Rabble may have eyes
To read the price of their dear butcheries;
Yet if just providence reprise the Fate,
The Judgement will be deeper, thought be late.
And after times shall feel the curse enhanc'd,
But how much they've the sin bequeath'd, advanc'd.

Mean time (most blessed shade) the Loyall Eye
Shall pay her tribute to thy memory;
Thy *Aromatick* name shall feast our sense,
Bove balmie Spikenards fragrant redolence,
Whilst on thy loathsome murderers shall dwell
A plague-sore, blain, and rotten ulcers smell.
Wonder of men and goodnessse! stamp'd to be
The Pride, and Flourish of all History.
Thon hast undone the annalls, and engross'd,
All th' *Heroes* glory which the Earth e're lost:
Thy priviledge 'tis onely to commence.

Lanrete in Offerings, and in patience.

Thy wrongs were 'bove all sweetnesse to digest ;
And yet thy sweetnesse conquer'd the sharp test :
Both so immense, and infinitely vast,
The first could not be reach'd, but by the last.
Mean massacres are but in death begun ;
But Thou hast liv'd an Execution.

Close coffin'd up in a deceased life ;
Had Orphan-Children, and a Widow-Wife.
Friends not t' approach, or comfort, but to mourn
And weep their unheard plaints, as at thy urn ?
Such black attendants Colonied thy Cell,
But for thy presence, *Car'sbrook* had been Hell.
Thus basely to be dungeon'd, would enrage
Great Bajazet beyond an Iron Cage.
That deep indignity might have lain
Something the lighter from a *Tamerlaine*.
But here *Sidonian* slaves usurp the reins,
And lock the Scepter-bearing Arms in chains.
The spew'd-up surfeit of the glut'ous Land ,
Honour'd by scorn, and clean beneath all brand ;
For such a Varlet-brood to tear all down,
And make a common Foot-ball of the Crown;
T' insult on wounded Majesty, and broach
The bloud of Honour by their vile reproach.
What royll eye but thine could sober see,
Bowing so low, yet bearing up so high ?
What an unbroken sweetnesse grac'd thy Soul,
Beyond the world, proud conquest, or controul ?
Maugre grim cruelty, thou keepst thy hold;
Thy Thorny Crown was still a Crown of Gold.

Chast

Chast Honour, Might inrag'd could ne're deflour,
Though others th' Use, Thou claim'dst the Right of
Power.

The brave Athenian thus (with lopp'd-off Hands)
A stop to swelling sayles by's mouth commands.
New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in thy Embroyles,
Asteus-like, recruiting from the Foyles.

Victorious fury could not terrour bring
Enough to quell a captivated King.

So did that *Roman Miracle* with-stand
Hetrurian shoals, but with a single hand.

The Church in thee had still her Armies ; thus
The world once fought with *Athanasius*.

The Gantlet thus upheld ; It is decreed,
(No safety else for Treason) *Charles* must bleed.

Traytor and Sovereign now inverted meet ;
The wealthy Olive's dragg'd to th'Brambles feet.

The Throne is Metamorphiz'd to the Barre,
And despicable Bats the Eagle dare.

Astonishment ! yet still we must admire
Thy courage growing with thy conflicts high'r.

No palsied hands or trembling knees betray
That Cause, on which thy soule sure bottom'd lay.

So free and undisturbed flew thy breath,
Not as condemn'd, but purchasing a death.

Those early Martyrs in their funerall pile,
Embrac'd their flames with such a quiet smile.

Brave *Cœur-de-Lyon* Soul, that wouldest not vaile
In one base syllable to beg thy Bayl !

How didst thou blush to live at such a price,
As as'kd thy people for a sacrifice ?

Th' Althenian Prince in such a pitch of zeale,
 Redeem'd his distin'd Host, and Common-weale :
 Who brib'd his cheated enemies to kill,
 And both their Conquest, and their Conqueror fell.
 Thus thou our Martyr died'st : but oh ! we stand
 A Ransome for another *Charles* his hand.
 One that will write thy Chronicle in Red,
 And dip his pen in what thy foes have bled,
 Shall Treas'noус Heads in purple Caldrons drench,
 And with such veines the flames of Kingdome
 quench.

Then thou art least, at *Westminster* shalt be
 Fill'd in the pompous List of Majestie.
 Thy *Mausaleum* shall in glory rise,
 And Tears, and wonder force from Nephewes eyes;
 Til when(though black-mouth'd Miscreants ingrave)
 No Epitaph, but Tyrant, on thy Grave.
 A Vault of Loyalty shall keep thy Name,
 An orient, and bright *Olibian* flame.
 On which, when times succeeding foot shall tread,
 Such Characters as these shall there be read:

Here *CHARLES* the best of Monarchs, butcher'd
 lies,

The glory of all *Martyrologies*.

Bulwark of Law ; the Churches Cittadell ;
 In whom they triumph'd once, wtih whom they
 An English *Solomon*, a *Constantine*; (fel;
 Pande&t of knowledge, humane and divine
 Meek ev'n to wonder, yet of stoutest Grace,
 To sweeten Majesty, but not debase.
 So whole made up of clemency, the Throne

And

And Mercy-seat to him were alwaies one,
 Inviting Treason with a pardoning look,
 Instead of Gratitude, a stab he took,
 With passion lov'd; that when he murder'd lay,
 Heav'n conquered seem'd, and Hel to bear the sway.
 A Prince so richly good, so blest a Reign,
 The world ne're saw but once, nor can again.

-----*Humano genere Natura benigni
 Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato hoc principe major
 In quo vera Dei, vevénsq; eluxit imago:
 Hunc quoniam scelerata cohors violavit, acerbas
 Sacrilego Deus ipse petet de Sanguine pœnas
 Contemptumq; sin Simulacri haud linquet insultum.*

Parodia ex Buchanani Geneth: Jacobi sexti.

An

A N ELEGIE

*Upon King CHARLES the First,
murthered publikely by His Subjects.*

VEr not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred blood,
 It might be drown'd in this prodigious flood ;
 Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
 It leaves my *soule* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed* ;
 Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Originall*,
 Supports it self in this the *Copies fall* ;
 So while my *Faith* floats on that *Bloody wood*,
 My reason's cast away in this *Redfloud*,
 Which ne're o'reflowes us all : Those showers past
 Made but Land-flouds, which did some vallies wast ;
 This stroke hath cut the only neck of land,
 Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
 That covers now our world, which cursed lies
 At once with two of *Egypt*'s prodigies ;
 O're-cast with *darknesse*, and with blood o'rerun,
 And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done ;
 Th'inchanter led them to a leſſe known ill,
 To a& his sin, then 'twas their *King* to kill :
 Which *crime* hath widdowed our whole Nation,
 Voided all Forms, left but privation
 In *Church* and *State* ; inverting ev'ry right ;
 Brought in Hells State of fire without light :

No wonder then, if all good eys look red,
 Washing their Loyall hearts from bloud so shed ;
 The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.
 Let nought then passe for *Masick*, but sad cries ;
 For *Beauty* bloudleffe cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.
 All colours soil, but black, all odours have
 Ill sent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
 It notes a *few*, not to believe us much
 The cleaner made, by a religious touch
 Of this *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
 Seems the Judaicall impiety.
 To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
 His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints :
 But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
 To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
 And the case holds, in that the *Spirit* bends
 His malice in this *Act*, against his ends :
 For it is like, the sooner he'll be sent
 Out of that body, He would still torment :
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud,
 Detest the *Act*, yet turn it to their good ;
 Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies ;
 We easely may the world and death despise :
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
 Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.
 And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
 Weapon yet left, to guard Him to His Throne ;
 In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory ;
 If this our losse a comfort can admit,
 'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit,

For

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
 Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse ;
 His *Crown* was falne unto too low a thing
 For him, who was become so great a *King* :
 So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
 They had exalted from him, not pull'd down :
 And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more,
 Then ere mens falsehood promis'd to restore ;
 Which, since by death alone he could attain,
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain ;
 Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
 Might make his passage quick, ne're move his heart,
 Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
 Of flesh and bloud; and from the highest line
 Of humane virtue, pass'd to be divine :
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,
 Then the high glories of his present state ;
 Since both then passe all A&ts, but of belief,
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse
 Then Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,
 I'le onely wish, that for his *Elegie*,
 This our *Iofas*, had a *Ieremie*.



A N E L E G I E

The best of Men,
On And meekest of Martyrs,
CHARLES the l. &c.

Does not the Sun call in his light? and day
 Like a thin exhalation melt away?
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
 Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
 Of this great Monarch? does his Royall Bloud,
 Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Flood,
 Not shoo't through her affrighted wombe, and make
 All her convulsed Arteries to shake,
 So long, till all those hinges that sustaine,
 Like Nerves, the frame of Nature shrink again
 Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
 Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
 And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
 Whose shaggie and disheveld Beams may be
 The tapers at this black solemnitie?

You

You Seed of Marble in the Wombe accurst,
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurst;
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind Mists was hurl'd
 To strew infection on the tainted World.
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
 Say sons of Tumult, since you thought it good,
 Still to keep up the Trade, and bath in Blood
 Your guilty hands, why did you then not State
 Your slaughterers at some cheap and common rate?
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
 Devoted Myriads to one' publick Grave;
 And lop'd off Thousands of some base allay,
 Whilst the same Sexton that enter'd their clay,
 In the same Urne their names too might entombc,
 But when on Him you fixt your fatall Doom,
 You gave a blow to Nature, since even all
 The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
 Could not Religion with you oft have made
 A specious glosse your black designs to shade,
 Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we
 Are suppled into Acts of Clemencie?
 And copie out the Deity agen,
 When we distill our mercies upon men?
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He
 Onely shook off his frail Humanitie,
 And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd then we.

And

And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,
We only died, He only liv'd that Day.

So that his Tombe is now his Throne become
T'invest him with the Crowne of Martyrdome:
And death the shade of nature did not shroud
His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian shone
In Heaven might shine a Constalltion.

Vpon the Death of King CHARLS the First.

Great ! Good ! and Just! could I but Rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a straine,
As it should Deluge once againe.
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus hands, then Argus eyes,
I'll sing Thy Obsequies, with Trumpet sounds,
And write thy Epitaph with Bloud and Wounds.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

AN EPITAPH.

Within this sacred Vault doth lie
The Quintessence of MAJESTIE,
Which being set, more glorious shines,
The best of KINGs, best of Divines;
Britains shame, and *Britains* glory,
Mirrour of Princes, complete Story
Of ROYALTY; one so exact,
That th' Elixirs of praise detract:
These are faint shadowes; But t'indure,
He's drawn to th'life in's POURTRAITURE:
If such another Picce you'd see,
Angells must hew it out, or He,
Where WISDOMe, Grace, and Eloquence,
Are centred in their eminence:
Martyr'd he was to save his LAWS,
Religion, People, from the Jaws
Of ASSASINES; whose weal He sought;
Even then when they His MURDER wrought
With horrid plots, that headlesse He
(And in him Church and State) might be.
Then since Correlatives they were,
Three Kingdomes in one KING lies here.

A. B.

FINIS.

